

*Territorial Harvest*

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,

THE

*Festival Campaign.*

AUGUST 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

VOL. III. No. 8. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, AUG. 14, 1897.

[EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commander for North-Western America.]

Price 5 Cents.



\*OH WRETCHED MAN THAT I AM, WHO SHALL DELIVER ME OUT OF THIS BODY OF DEATH?



ER.  
a Major Templeton, and the one on

ne, and profit to the dying  
love that keeps His Com-  
"There is no true love with-  
without it. If you are careless  
and disregard His wishes,  
love Him whole-heartedly.

OMISE OF THE HOLY

GIHOST.

going to leave His disciples,  
tised them a Comforter. The  
Holy Spirit was to be sent to  
God has left His Spirit in the  
the conscience that convicts  
the world. He has left the per-  
petual of the conscience for the  
clean heart. It is the Spirit  
within us, showing us what  
and should be avoided, and  
shows us what is right and  
accomplished by us.

TERNAL LIFE.

of the Resurrection of the  
His children can know etern-  
al life away the sting of  
ing through the resurrection. It  
made it possible for us to  
blessed reality of eternal  
—“Because I live, ye shall

QUOTATIONS.

autiful name might well be  
chapter 2.

or Jesus here describe

the w— there ?

y His w— where do mighty

real love to Christ ?

to did the Saviour promise ?

EMORY TEXT.

Me. keep My command-

are forgotten or neglected,  
at naught, and you smile  
giving in the insult, or the  
t is victory.

ood in evil spoken of, when  
are crowded, your trade of  
advice disgruntled, your  
died, and you take it all in  
ing silence—that is victory.

an bear with any dis-  
tly and ungratefully, any  
are content with any good,  
my climate, any interrup-  
tory.

ever care to refer to your-  
nation, or to record your  
ka, or to seek after com-  
then you can truly “love  
”—that is victory.

ILY HORSLEY, Captain.

Y, Official Gazette of the  
Army, published by John  
n. S. A. Printing House,  
re, Toronto.



## THE ACTS OF AN APOSTLE

IN A CONTINENTAL CARNIVAL.

(The following appeared some time ago from the pen of Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, under the heading of "A Salvationist's Luxuries.")

**T**HE SALVATIONISTS like luxuries—of a certain sort. Don't you know? It was my lot to enjoy, during the dozen days of which I write, a dozen of the greatest luxuries which it is possible for man to taste at the end of this century. I didn't expect to come across the "Petroleum" again, and do some literature sales in the Gay City; but it had been delayed at another town. I found it was the eve of one of the greatest of the Carnival days. A supply of the special "Petroleum," Number of The War Avant had arrived from the station. What a chance! To-morrow the city would be given over to the "good King Carnival"—a gorgeous scarocrat King, twenty feet high—and all the gay processions! Twenty thousand masqueraders, very comely and enterprising, would pass right through the streets, and fling ten thousand batches of confetti. Giant ears, high as two or three-story houses, would parade the city. Oh, that my comrades had arrived in time, and that we had been there to seize the chance of testifying for God in the midst of the scene of the wildest human folly!

But the Lord, Who does not give grudgingly, thus gave me the luxury of going alone for Him, in uniform, amongst those multitudes, with my Salvation paper. And it was a luxury, indeed. For when we had got up with great care, especially adapted to the French crowd, I had a fairly good sale for three hours, but, what was better still, I did not meet a person who did not seem to understand the sacred meaning of my uniform, and on whom I could lay my hand, there, in opposition to King Carnival. I came out of the confetti-ordred better than I had expected, though these little cement pills do sting terribly when dashed in handfuls in your eyes; and, of course, I could not wear it until high-tide, so I might have had time for a most Salvationist. Scores of men and women with sacks full of these pellets, were selling them to the crowd.

One gentleman solemnly reproved me, in the name of religion, for my degrading it by wearing it. I said nothing, but it seemed he had forgotten completely for the moment his grotesque costume of red, and green and yellow, and was dumb when I ventured to point it out and suggest that my dress and crew might at least be as religious as his at that moment.

Another gentleman, to whom I sold a paper, came next day to see the "Petroleuse" (then arrived), and finding us in a little buker's hotel (at 2s. 1d. a day for board and lodging), expressed surprise, and bought, for twelve francs, our publications. \*

I "cycled" off next day, to visit a lady, the story of whose conversion from black infidelity, through a fortnight's stay in an Officer's quarters in Paris, was told in "All the World" two years ago. She is a slender, delicate complexion woman, and a good one to bear her load. "In the face of the universe, oh, my God, I can say that Thou hast saved me" and tell so simply how she had been led to Christ—she, an ex-infidel, of Catholic origin—by a poor, dying Protestant girl, who had sought the shores of our dear Island France for her body's sake, and had

found there her soul's embarkation-place for Heaven. Ah, that "pastoral" "cycle visit" or mini, was a luxury! The room was poor and bare, contrasted with the gorgeous curtains and the waving palm-leaves of the boudoir, but in what events are like those of Jesus' grace and what clime is so sunny as that of His smile? Bless His name for ever!

Next day, it was my privilege to "cycle, in uniform, round the circle in front of the Monte Carlo gambling temple, and through its grounds, until requested to "move on." When I did so, I felt that I had come to write a poem against Monte Carlo, and witness against that abominable evil which has cursed so many human hearts. The verses came rushing through me so quickly that I had to get on my bicycle in the main street of Menton, and buy a penny note-book to let them down.

Being in very poor health in France and Switzerland, I was on the Riviera from Marseilles, via the Rhône and Italy, to the Levant, commanded by the General, to reconnoitre some of the day's view of the openings, and in the same time to profit by the "petroleum." The conviction dawned upon me that, as my departure for the East was not of immediate necessity, and as also the day of our beloved General's arrival in London was at hand, I ought to return for a few days to meetings, and to definitely trust God to restore my health.

It is truly a luxury to feel that, when all plans are changed by the Lord's calls, one's will is in that liquid slate which enables to flow at once, unhesitatingly, into the new vessel of present circumstances, and to accept the new path. To this end, I have given the General the right to himself, authorized by Christ, to commit my body to Him, and to Him alone, for strength that restoration in presence of new and seemingly impossible duties. And never have I enjoyed taking a seat better, in my three-chair, than I did in my man's chair, when I had to do so in faith from that Nice station. It is a bit of testimony I give here. The Lord can impart life and strength to the body. However else would the General, the Chief, the Marechal, and so many others, go ahead?

One evening, in the Rhône Valley, towards Lyons, I looked out at the road along which Casero tramped with the determined purpose of assassinating President Carnot. A question arose in my mind, "Have I so far yielded to the power of Divine love that I am already ready to sacrifice all effort and hope in destroying energy?" But I was as furiously as he hated? And I dare not say that the answer was in the affirmative.

May I confess it? I was conscious—and as I write—that not only my heart contained nothing contrary to perfect love, but that Christ had sanctified and made it "clean," and filled it with the "peace that possesseth understanding," but that all fear of men and all fear of all events had gone—drowned in the blue ocean of His love. Who doeth all things well. It was a luxury to feel that a Christian can have a position at least as strong and restles as Casero.

Monday night, in the vast Albert Hall, thronged with ten thousand souls, I had the luxury of seeing the normal nineteenth century antipodes and an antikite to the Nice Carnival. In the one was made visible and tangible the infinite variety of the forms which love and saving



Land Slide near Rossland, B.C., which killed several men.

wisdom can take in its effort to rescue men from the mad carnival of sin, and from its kickback of hideous and filthy.

The Two Days with God were times of much indeed. I have been fourteen years in The Salvation Army, but never have I heard the General speak with more Divine authority and spiritual power than during these days. The silence which hung over the grand audience was often interrupted by the General's voice, and the responses of the audience were like a thunder-clap.

And that midnight march through Piccadilly, a gay Inferno—eight thousand strong—by the light of one foot, and the midnight meeting of one thousand five hundred in Exeter Hall, where all the varieties of sin and worldliness, gloved and gaudy, were assembled—how shall I describe that luxury of love? It was Heaven to get right into the heart of that hall, where are these lost.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, truly Thou dost grant the "hundredfold" in luxuries also to those who have left all luxuries for Thee! And all Thy luxuries are Love!

—  
**HELPS**  
FOR J. S. WORKERS.

August 22nd.

THE TRUE VINE.

John xv. 1-19.

The parable of the vine is a very beautiful picture of the way in which Christ's followers are connected with Himself. It shows how strong is the union between the Lord and His people, how strong is the tie which binds the branches to the vine.

### UNFRUITFUL AND FRUITFUL BRANCHES.

The unfruitful branches of a vine are those which, despite all the care and labor which has been bestowed upon them, bear no grapes.

The unfruitful members of Christ's Church are those which, notwithstanding the care and patient treatment of their Section, are wild and do not bring forth in their lives the fruits of true Christi-

anity. The unfruitful branches of a vine are no use, and as they only spoil the good ones, have to be cut off from the vine. "He that beareth not fruit is cast out." The fruitless ones, however, bear fruit, cuts itself off from the other branches and from Christ, the True Vine.

On the other hand, the fruitful branches of a vine are those which repay by the fruit they bear all the labor that has been expended on them. And so do Christ's faithful followers bring forth in their lives the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, etc.

The fruitful branches of a vine are not let alone, they are cut and pruned and carefully trimmed, that they may yield more fruit. "Therefore, as God hath given His children should bring forth increasing fruits in their character and service, and He 'purges'—that is, purifies—such often by sorrow and suffering to this end.

### ABIDE IN ME.

After being absolutely certain that we are united to the True Vine by the Blood

of Christ, which makes us clean, we must be careful to abide in Him. We can only bear fruit—bless others by our lives, win souls for the Kingdom, and by our right conduct, bring glory to His name.

We must be in constant communion with Jesus, and look carefully that no sin ever cuts the connection between our souls and our Heavenly Source of all good.

Another on in the chapter Christ tells us that the way in which to abide in Him is to keep His commandments; let us be careful to obey every one of them in detail.

Disobedience is sure to sever the soul from the Vine. "Everyone bearing his own sin, woman or child, they implant, and because they love Him so much. We must be in constant communion with Jesus, and look carefully that no sin ever cuts the connection between our souls and our Heavenly Source of all good.

From the Lord, we receive this blessing that the way in which to abide in Him is to keep His commandments; let us be careful to obey every one of them in detail.

Christ gives a beautiful promise to those who abide in Him. "I say unto you, ye are in the world, but not of the world. They who abide in the world are of the world."

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The Scott Act in Charlottetown, P. E. I., has been rejected.

Sydney, Australia, has the largest town hall and the largest organ in the world.

Preparations are going on in Toronto for the great W. C. T. U. Convention in Toronto.

Toronto has been visited by Dr. M. Gratton, Guinness, Jun., the famous Congo Missionary.

Only Canadians are being employed in the construction of the Crows Nest Pass Railway.

The standing crops in Ontario have been damaged by the recent storm of rain and wind.

The City of Chicago taxes vehicles from \$10 a year on a bicycle to \$12 a year on an eight-horse vehicle.

Dr. A. Fleming, of the Brandon "Manufacturing" Sun, speaks strongly on behalf of the Canadian War Nurses.

A large number of persons are reported to have been injured in a mine explosion which occurred in the Arno Valley, Italy.

The Globe and The Star, once owned by Sir Edward Thornton, have named Mr. John Churchill as its ablest Lieutenant-Governor for the Yukon Territory.

Indians of British Columbia have been instrumental in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the northern part of British Columbia.

The Diet of the greater Republic of Central America has refused to execute the United States Minister recently appointed there.

Twenty-one firms of manufacturers of bicycles in England have joined an Anti-American Federation in opposition to the British Engineers.

Fathia, daughter of Count Leo Tolstoi, the famous Russian Social Reformer, will probably attend the big W. C. T. U. Convention in Toronto.

Dr. J. D. Parker, a prominent physician in Kansas, has committed suicide because his wife persisted in riding a bicycled, spite of his objections.

A fifteen-year-old girl, while swimming in her bath at Wimborne, Dorset, was suddenly bitten by rats that several strokes were necessary to close the wound.

Three thousand Brazilian soldiers are reported to have been killed in a fierce battle in a conflict with an army of Cutias numbering more than 30,000 men.

The Colonial Office, London, has warned intending gold-seekers that it will be useless to go to the Klondyke before Sept. 1, as the journey is only possible in summer-time.

Great fears are entertained as to the actions of the thousands of striking miners in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh, Pa. The miners are on the point of arming themselves and will be fully armed.

The Secretary of War at Washington suspended the execution of the order sending 1,000 miners to the United States from over to Alaska on the boat sailing from Seattle on Aug. 1st.

It is said that Japan has been sending hundreds of Soldier emigrants to Manchuria. The emigrants were provided with arms, ammunition and military stores.

The British Government is about to spend \$250,000 in equipping the Navy for the African campaign. The money will be used for four cruisers and some 250-boat destroyers. It will be constructed.

The C. P. R. is considering the construction of a line from Edmonton to the Yukon, landing on the Mackenzie River at 500 of its followers were taken into slavery.

The British forces fighting at Port Moresby, near Gairdner, South Africa, captured the German ship "Kronprinz" and took her into the British service. Between 400 and 500 of his followers were taken into slavery.

Dr. Peter, one of the most prominent ministers of Methodism, Australia, and an old friend of the Salvation Army, preached for nearly an hour in St. Paul's Square Church, Toronto, recently.

One of the worst wrecks in the history of the Central Pacific Railway occurred July 24th, 1868, six miles west of Reno, Nevada. The wreck was caused by the breaking of the rails. Several persons were killed.

Alderman Spencer, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, says the Police Records of the British Consulate at Montreal, Canada, show a number of arrests made this year in connection with the importation of the Scott Act in convulsions for drunkenness of 25 per cent.

The President of the United States has appointed John C. St. John, a Canadian Consul, to Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Other Consuls have been appointed. Three Rivers, Quebec, St. John, N. B., Fredericton, and St. Thomas.

On the 15th instant, George, recently sold beer to two boys. The boys went swimming, and one got drowned. The Ottawa Tribune, of July 1st, said the drowning was caused by intoxication.

This is a secret, of course, no Lieutenant-Kerr must not be called "Ostler."

## WHO SHALL DELIVER?

"Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

BY THE EDITOR.

**T**HIS IS NOT MERELY the cry of an individual, it is the despairing heart-call of our whole guilt-stricken humanity.

Deep in the consciousness of the Race, and almost co-equal with its very existence is the CONSCIOUSNESS OF GUILT, out of which springs the cry for deliverance. This mankind wherein will be seen amongst its most highly cultured peoples, the condition of the individual, whether in respect of his higher nature, is active to the claims of the law of righteousness upon him, but in respect to his lower nature is carried past his good resolutions by the current of his passions. "The body of death" infuses the mind of his Roman readers at once to the scene depicted on our front page, where a living poisoner is claimed to a curse and undergoes all the loathsome and revolting accommendations pertaining thereto. Reader, have you ever fought your bestments, fought to be free, but fought and failed? Then you understand something of the reason for this strong metaphor Paul uses. Glory and strength, wealth, systems, creeds,轰鸣 and self-satisfied omnipotencies and mighty individual struggles fail, for there is an answer to set sin and its consequences, to righteousness, and its rewards.

But have they succeeded? See you poor Hindoo, following the prescription of his religion, he has his arm raised above his head—it has been so for years. When last he put it in that position it was as perfect an arm as yours and mine, but he has preserved in his effort after deliverance, and now it is a withered, dilated, bloodless thing, from which all capacity for usefulness has gone; or, to give stronger language, watch you mother take her child to the Ganges. She is a woman, and a mother's feelings are the same as those we meet every day in our own family land, but the fetal instinct is strong above all other instinct, and when perverted into a wrong course may occasion the greatest crimes. This poor soul is an instance. See! she stands down to the water's edge. She takes a last fond look at her infant's innocent face, master's the resolute mother heart that yearns to save the child, stifles the convulsive sobs of her bursting heart, and—notwithstanding the alligators are lying near—seals the little innocent down the stream, the "fuit of her body," a sacrifice for the sin of "fuit of her body," but is she delivered? Will so great a riddle win?

Now! The very individuals who see the most cruelty in this, acknowledge that even such sins as these, still sin only, are "wretched," still guilty, still undelivered. Nay! The very individuals who see the most cruelty in this, acknowledge that even such sins as these, still sin only, are "wretched," still guilty, still undelivered. Nay! The very individuals who see the most cruelty in this, acknowledge that even such sins as these, still sin only, are "wretched," still guilty, still undelivered.

Reader, you know the story of God's love to man as displayed in the Cross of Jesus Christ. That very same Jesus is exalted to be a Saviour. Has God saved you? Can you join in the triumphant acclamation, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death?" or is your spirit still that of "wretched man," and your cry ever for deliverance from the presence and power of sin? If the latter, will you go to Jesus? All others will. Will you go to Him? Will you go to Him? Never mind HOW! He loves the wonderful world, go to Him, yield yourself to Him, trust Him as your Lord and your God, believe He saves you now; go to Him, trust in His promises, and in His love; then, through faith and patience you, like millions of others, shall inherit the promise of salvation through Jesus Christ, and shall be able to say in respect to both the world, the flesh and the devil, "IN ALL THESE THINGS I AM MORE THAN CONQUEROR THROUGH JESUS CHRIST MY LORD, WHO LOVED ME AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME!"

Paul, who knows human nature all

within a radius of three miles of Johannesburg, where there are 1,000 white men and 50,000 Kaffirs employed in the gold mining district. The wages of the former amount to \$30,000,000 and the latter to \$30,000,000 per month, and this year has been matched as in the thousand.

Charles Collins, late of Roseland, writing from the Klondyke, says he has for more money in his pocket than in Rossland in one night than in Rossland, and in one month. Oh, Captain Stalder, bring me up with the Blood and Fire Band, and I am ready.

The Ontario Gold Concession Company, which was formed in England early this month for the purpose of buying up the mining rights in the Klondyke, has sold out to the Royal British Columbia Gold Company, of Victoria, B. C., this year.

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are also being executed for the British Government, the Pithanders and the British settlers in Cape Colony and Natal.

A Secret Commission has been sent abroad by the Government of Australia to investigate the possibility of Shire becoming the wheat-growing rival of the Western States. The new railway the Great Western, running through Shire through Shire, will be open for traffic in 1899. If this Asiatic domain of the Cape is to become a wheat-growing wheat-crops, the export trade of the United States will be in imminent danger.

## Cosmopolitan Personalia.

Staff-Captain Plant has been transferred to the British Home Office.

Major Harry Taylor has been appointed Social Secretary for Australia.

Commissioner Neat represented the General at the Berlin Congress, July 1st.

Commissioner Booth-Bethune has conducted two days' campaign in Switzerland.

Major A. H. Fisher, late of this Gazette, is Financial Secretary at Melbourne Headquarters.

Cape Town II, has had an International demonstration conducted by Commissioner Mrs. Biddle.

Scenes of Officers have gone down under the very hot sun in the Midland Province of the United States.

Miss Kate Comstock, author of "The New York Sunday Press," is a prominent part of column each week for Army and Navy.

The New York Sunday Press recently received a column to Salvation Army notes, addressed to General large corps of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Bruce.

Adjutant Chapman, Staff-officer in Australia, and an Adjutant for a number of years, we are delighted to salute as Staff-Captain.

Since January 1st of this year, there have been 23,765 persons seeking Salvation at the meetings of the Salvation Army in the United States.

Commissioner Nicoll, the British Editor, has lost his beloved daughter Nellie, aged four years, through drowning. The Commissioner was away from home at the time of the Berlin Congress.

Chief Secretary and Mrs. Biggins, with Major Morton, and twenty Officers, conducted a week-end Campaign at Mount Hermon Camp, near Providence, R. I., Glorious times. Twelve souls.

Commander Bonh-Tucker has been travelling on a private car, fully supplied with all the comforts of life. He has inspected Illinois, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and other states, in the interests of his great cause.

Commander Bonh-Tucker has had an interview with President McKinley, the Vice-President, and the Secretary of Agriculture in reference to his scheme, which he considers most entitled. Each of the ten cities, most entitled to participate in the plan, but especially the Presidential, Shaking in the temper of the Kansas City Convention.

My idea is to form a National Colonization Council, to be composed of commissioners from all over the country, and put into their hands the management of my scheme. It is a practical one. St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago should form the nucleus. It will affect the whole nation. There are just as many poor and needy people in California as there are in the east.

The Kansas City Star had the pleasure of interviewing in connection with the Commercial Commissioner, the Commercial Commissioner's great scheme:

The Salvation Army has never sent a man to Africa, but it has sent a man to Africa to suffer. Women and children, colonists, live in Africa, and women on Africa land, and Africa is the land of the suns. The churches have plenty of time to haggle about points of theology, and will do all of that that is needed.

In the British War Crys under the Editor-in-Chief, and submitted by the Editor-in-Chief of the British Publications, has submitted a plan of action to him. The Commissioner is an anti-slave, anti-slavery, and efficiently converses with his administrative officers. General, General, the chief Staff, and the Staff, to be able to speak with weight on Army affairs.

## LOOK OUT

FOR

## GREAT UNITED

## ANNIVERSARY

## MEETINGS

IN TORONTO,

Sept. 5th to 10th.

## Sinner, Read This!

"SAVE ME!"

"MAKE IT FOUR BILLS! Heaven the ing?" "What is she going?" asked the captain.

"Three knots, sir."

The captain then studied the weather, which was thick and had been so the last forty-eight hours. Suddenly his powerful voice rang out abruptly, "Take me to the sea, and let me run the courses! Back the main yard!"

The clipper rolled high to and fro all night, and the men slept in their posts in the haze and darkness. "The men slept with a sense of security, but a solitary figure paced the deck in silent anxiety, and was filled with anxiety. It was the captain.

"On deck, there!" cried the lookout at day-break, and the sun rose bright and clear.

"What is it?" "A long line of heavy breakers, sir; close to, reaching right across."

The crew were astounded and horrified, as they watched the foaming, mountainous breakers, which were now only fifty yards from the terrible Barrier Reef.

"Another hour last night," said they, "and we should all have been lost!"

"Sinner, you are surrounded by dangers. Very often 'There is but a step between you and death.' Stop! I bid you for a moment, and make sure of your position."

"Danger!" you reply—"What danger? The great danger of being led into sin: of living a life of sin, of being lost."

The first step towards safety—to be freed from the power and punishment of sin—is humility. Turn to the God of the sickle and through the armament of Jesus Christ, Christ came from Heaven to save you and me. He died on the Cross, bearing our guilt, that we might be pardoned and go free."

With a groan, the captain said, "My word? He (christ) was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. He was gashed and tortured, was wounded."

"For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

The sinner realized his danger and have to live in time.

Soon afterwards the change found the crew, and the ship left, and entered the much-treasured Torres Straits on her course to Singapore.

The straits are filled with reefs, islands, and rocks, and almost abounding on all sides; ships are often lost there; and frequently shipwrecked seamen are entirely treachered by the rocks, and are forced to those who fall into their hands.

The ship was carefully handled, but the course was so dangerous, and the length of the order came, "Back the main yard! Stand by the anchor!"

At this juncture some voices appeared from behind a jutting point and approached rapidly. "What are those other voices?" said the fast astern. "It's a race," said the crew, looking on. It was, indeed, and a race for life.

The crew were in hand, soon explaining the mystery. It was a poor, half-naked sailor, feeling for his life! Just behind him, bleeding from his blood, followed another sailor, who seemed to have no more life in him.

The cry, "Help! help! save me!" pierced even heart, and roused even sea.

"Put the cartridge!" shouted the captain. The loud boom and the hissing of the shot startled the passers. They stopped a few moments, and then ran on again they came.

The sailor reached his master. He passed with infinite desperation, for his enemies filled his ears. He fell upon him, as it were, just springing on him. With that effort and despairing to his three legs, he fell to the arms of the brave lads who were ready to give him a helping hand.

At last the sailors bore their unexpected burden on deck, a mighty burly burst from every throat. It was the shout of victory, the fellow-sailor was rescued, his life safe.

On you know, my friend, that, away from Christ and living in sin, you are exposed to the greater danger than this poor sailor was?

"How can it be?" you say. "I have no master, and I am in the moment of danger, but you have none. Christ alone can save your soul, but you will not let Him for help and help."

The rescued sailor found friends to help him, but the sailor who went when death to your master, when his soul's course is violent, for God's Word shows us that when he takes a man to hell, he leaves him to his master, and his master, where he must stand, broken up.

There is one hope for you, and only one, that is Christ. Plead for Him! The Holy Ghost is pleading with you, urging you to cast yourself on His mercy, and let Him help you. In His Name, you shall find a calm haven in God's pardon through Christ's love and atonement.—Selected.

Worcester City, Mass., 30,000 inhabitants, was successfully opened on July 15th.

## RACHEL, THE WANDERER.

## A Story of "B'andy, W'isky and Wum."

By LIEUT. E. HILDER, of New Zealand.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A BAD GIRL," exclaims Rachel, when asked what kind of a life she has formerly lived; and her story is indeed sad enough. She is native of Oxfordshire, England, and from early childhood was in the habit of taking strong drink. This being the common vice of her countrymen, she quite drank like an ale-says, in childish language, "B'andy, whisky and wum." A fondness for liquor, however, was not the only vice she had. She had already gone deeply into sin, was engaged in

and she abased him dreadfully. Not

knowing what else to do, he drove to the police-station, and there left her. The next morning she took a tramp for her home, which was about a mile distant, and then took a place as nurse-girl, only staying a fortnight through her bad conduct, and then being sent away.

She had such a hold upon her that she

had it impossible to break away from her.

At last Rachel made up her mind

## At Draper's Shop

The wedding-day was fixed, but the young man, realizing the responsibility he was taking upon himself, disappeared with some one else, and never returned to his native town. She went home to her mother, and having first secured the habit of drinking through her, she indulged in sin to the full extent.

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## To Get Married.

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## Her Siful Career.

One day, while having a quarrel in the bar with a young man, he threw a glass at her, which went through the window-pane and struck a police officer in the street on the head. For this offence she received a sentence of one month in prison. After her release she was sent to a hospital till her baby was born. Not seeming to like it, however, she left the hospital and gave birth to a son. Rachel herself taking another situation, and setting out once more on her way.

Rachel, by this time, was beginning to



SAVED FROM A SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

escape, each time being brought back, until the third time, when she

## Got Out of their Grasp

altogether. She immediately stepped into a first-class hotel, and when she awoke, where she made up for the nine days spent on the boat. Having satisfied her hunger, she set out to find a situation, and, having suited herself at last, she settled in a small room, and there she remained. Rachel was allowed a great deal of liberty by her master and mistress; therefore she had ample opportunity to commit sin. In an effort to get away, she would leave her master's house at eight o'clock in the evening, arriving home between nine and ten o'clock, and then when she would begin her work. She would have a sleep in the daytime, and be engaged in various sins at night.

Arriving home one morning, very much the worse for drink, while leaning against the wall of her bedroom, she said to her self, "I must get away, and be free, and be out of this place." She was two stories high, she being some seven feet tall through the pavement below,

where she was found when the servants of the house got up. After leaving the room, Rachel did not know where she obtained in her own way. On finishing her tour, she made up her mind to go back to her master's house, and get into his pocket over £20 in her pocket. She spent the day in gambling and card-playing, drinking, and was very roughly treated, her master being very much the worse for drink, while leaning against the wall of her bedroom, she said to her self, "I must get away, and be free, and be out of this place."

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ETER KIRKWOOD.

Responsible

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able to publish the names of our  
soldiers, and say it  
is for a private list.

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ring Department  
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## SONGS.

Tunes.—All the storms will soon be over,  
B. J., 74 : S. M., 11, 9 : Out of the  
ocean, B. J., 227, 3.

1 Ye who know thy sins forgiven,  
And are happy in the Lord,  
Have you read the gracious promise  
Which is left upon record?

Chorus.

He will sprinkle you with water,  
Sanctify and make you holy,  
He will reign and dwell within you,  
He will cleanse you from all sin.

Though you have much peace and comfort,  
Greater things you yet may find  
Freedom from unholy tempers,  
Freedom from the carnal mind.

But be sure to gain the witness,  
All is clear and calm within :  
God Himself will tell you by it  
That your soul is cleansed from sin.

Oh, may every soul be lifted  
With the Holy Ghost to-day :  
It is coming : It is coming !  
Oh, prepare, prepare the way.

—101—  
Tunes.—Glory, glory to the Lamb, B. J.,  
13, 2 : Clinging to the Cross, B. J.,  
176, 1 : Friend that's ever near, B. J.,  
20, 3 : Only True, B. J., 73, 3.

2 Precious Jesus, oh, to love Thee !  
Oh, to know that Thou art mine !  
Jesus, all my heart I give Thee,  
If Thou will but make it Thine.

Take my earnest, best affection,  
Take my memory, mind and will ;  
Thou with all Thy loving Spirit  
All my emptied nature fill.

Bold I touch Thy sacred garment,  
Fearest stretch my eager hand ;  
Virtue like a healing fountain,  
Freely flows at love's command.

Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,  
Is the love that fills my soul !  
It is done, the word is spoken,  
"But then every whit made whole !"

—102—  
Tunes.—The wounds of Christ are open,  
B. J., 288, 1 ; or (for the verse only)  
Oh, turn ye.

3 When Jesus first sought me I turned  
From His woolly.  
Refusing the joy which His presence  
Would bring.

But when I was won by His tender entreaties,  
I loved Him supremely, my Saviour and King !

Chorus.

Indeed, I love my Saviour,  
He is all-in-all to me.  
Indeed, I love my Saviour,  
His alone I'll be.

For His, and I'll love Him : I'm His and  
I'll serve Him !  
I'm His, and I'll claim Him to part  
no morefore.

Such glorious love ! He yields me, so fondly  
He shields me.

I feel 'tis my bliss Him to love and  
adore !

Each hour of my life I can talk with my  
He'll listen and answer, if humbly I say,  
"Dear Lord, on what message of Yours  
must I hasten,  
What errand have you for Your servant  
to-day ?"

If faltered and bound by the heart-sins  
That fill me, He'll break every fetter and bid me go  
free ;  
For He is the Spotless, the Pure and the  
Holy,  
And holy, He tells us, His children must  
be.

II. A. B.



MAJOR COLLIER, at his desk.

## THE WAR CRY.

11

Tunes.—Climbing up the Golden Stairs, B.  
J., 265, 1 : We're The Army ! B. J., 73.

4 We're the Soldiers of The Army of  
Salvation

The world is raking now to save

the world.

And we won't lay down our arms till  
every nation

Shall have seen the Ring of Blood-and-

Fire unfurled.

Chorus.

We're The Army that shall conquer,  
As we go we seek the lost and to bring  
them back to God,

And the Salvation to every nation

We will carry with the Fire and the

Blood.

Though the hosts of hell and darkness all  
round us,

And by suffering and temptation we are

tried :

Well we know that not a foe can e'er con-

found us,

While Jehovah's mighty power is on

our side.

Tunes.—In Memoriam, B. J., 308, 3 : Bel-

ter World, B. J., 11, 3 : Come to Me, B. J.,

102, 2 ; What's the News ? B. J.,

12, 3.

6 The Stream of Calvary's open

wide.

Come away !

There's life in the Crimson Tide

Come away !

Your sin will go, your life be bright,

And power you'll gain to do the right,

You'll conquer in the Saviour's might,

Come away !

The Stream of Calvary flows for all,

Come away !

The rich, the poor, both great and small—

Come away !

No soul has ever been denied,

Who come and for forgiveness cried :

Millions have here been satisfied,

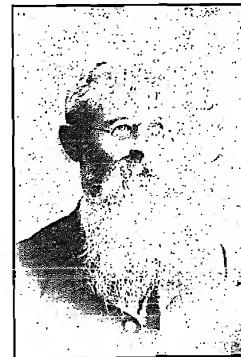
Come away !

This Stream will cease to flow one day,

Come away !

There's danger, shiner, in delay,

Come away !



AUXILIARY OLIVER, of Newmarket.

SERIAL STORY.

## Dad Sloss, CONVICT.

A STORY OF THE PRISON GATE HOME.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

The Wages of Sin.

"The same," said the manager, sternly.  
"And I want to know by whose authority  
you have pierced that wall ?"

Archie surveyed the bank manager for a moment, and then ran off in a fit of mingled surprise and indignation.

"By the bank directors' authority," said Archie, in a pleasant tone. "And you are the cleaner or caretaker, I suppose, and the wicked directors didn't let you know about the new side entrance that they desired ?" "I never heard of the price of a drink for you ! Now run away, as I haven't time to talk this afternoon."

"You are quite high enough there, men," said Archie, turning towards his "workmen," seven feet by three in the outside wall.

After recovering his breath, the bank manager walked away—ran away is more correct—and made a bee-line for the nearest detective office and gave an interesting account of what proved to be the most daring attempt at bank robbery that had ever been committed in New York. A crowd of detectives crowded down to the Transatlantic Bank, but Archie and his precious comrades were gone. Their house in Forty-Second street was searched, but without any satisfactory result.

Some days afterwards,

### Archie was Arrested

and identified as the "superintendent" of the bogus firm of contractors who directed operations against the wall of the bank.

His compatriots were never caught ; but Archie was tried, found guilty and sentenced for life to the State Prison of New York, Sing Sing.

"I wasn't long in 'Two Slugs,'" said Archie, "when I dropped upon a mode of escape. They made me into a fair beast of burden, slaving about, carrying great weights, was strong and healthy, and took it all in a cheerful spirit."

"One day a convict died in prison. Next day a coffin came, with a lot of provisions and flour and such like. They set me out to go to the bidding to carry the whole shoot inside. There were six pieces of wood, and there was the right.

"A warden was walking about on duty, and good luck, he hadn't his pistol. It was the work of an instant to rip the coffin lid off, split it right down, to make a piece as a paddle our. I passed the coffin inside and pushed off. Mr. Warden sings out, 'No, no, come back, or I'll fire !'

"All right, sonny, I says, 'fire away, I'm off. Good day.'

"I got half way across the river when the coffin got upset, and I was tipped out."

"I could swim, so I reached the shore safely, and made tracks inland, pursued all the time. Broke into a private house to get some private clothes, and was confronted by a dog and a gun. I won't tell you 'Two Slugs' next day, and they never let me have another chance to escape."

After serving nine years Archie was let out on license. For the first time in his life he began to reflect and look at his life. Thousands of pounds had come into his hands by crime, and as quickly

So we'll put our trust in God, who never

will fail us.

And we know that His salvation we

shall see ;

And through all the lightning, those who

shall assault us

Shall be conquered through the Blood

of Calvary.

—103—

Time.—My God, I Am Thine, B. J., 117 ;

S. M., 1, 58, 106.

5 My God, I am Thine, what a com-

fort Divine !

What a blessing to know that my

Jesus is mine !

Chorus.

Hallelujah ! send the glory,

Hallelujah ! Amen !

Hallelujah ! send the glory,

Revive us again,

In the Heavenly Lamb three happy I am,

And my heart it doth dunce at the sound

of His name.

True pleasures abound in the rapturous

sound,

And where I have found it has purrised

me.

My Jesus to know, and to feel His Blood

flow,

The life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

To pray—it then will be too late,

Sighs will cry outside the Gate !

But none can change their awful fate,

Come away !

A thinking man is the greatest enemy

the Prince of Darkness can have.

—104—

"An enthusiastic religious life is the

only religious life that is safe. Energy is

the only life that can be safe. The self-pre-

ssing power of any virtue is in direct

proportion to the meadow with which it

is surrounded. A fiery heart creates a self-

protecting barrier against the devil.

The discipline of cold hearted lacks suf-

ficient energy. The energy created by our

mission is our defense.

—105—

HOW TO TEST A MAN'S CHARACTER.

4. By his dealings with women and

children and the brute creation.

3. By what he laughs at.

2. By his exercises of self-control.

5. By what he occupies himself.

6. By what he talks about.

7. By the character of his associates.

8. By the degree of respect he has for womanhood.

## THE WAR CRY.

as money came to him by dishonest means as quickly as it left him.

For the first time in his life Archie was disappointed with crime, and in his mind he made out a profit and loss statement, and was surprised to find that he stood in an overwhelming loss, the present his financial and moral assets were all. The wages of crime up to the present had been defeat, and disappointment, and suffering.

But these reflections were only temporary, and he soon found himself of being remorseless and foolish and indolent.

"Crime shall pay," he declared to himself, and he returned to his old life with stronger determination than ever to try and make crime a grand success. Poor fellow! He had suffered sufficiently, and he was determined to escape with so few punishments, but he was gradually drifting towards a living death, incomprehensible but terrible in its realism.

## CHAPTER IX.

## A Bitter Harvest.

"Prisoner at the bar—After a lengthy and unprejudiced trial, you are proven guilty of bank robbery and attempted murder."

"Reviewing your past life, we find that you have never been anything else but a most industrious law-breaker, and therefore, it is high time that you received a severe check in your mad career.

"We tell you, quite apart from the moral side of the case, that if you persist in your insatiable conduct, the law of the land is sufficiently strong and drastic to satisfy the outraged feelings of your victims, and that material punishment, harsh and severe, is the inevitable

## Wages of the Law-Breaker.

"The rigours of the convict prison have utterly failed to reform you. Likewise good advice and good treatment, and you therefore remains my painful duty to sentence a young man like you to a punishment which, we hope, will be the means of effectually destroying your criminal instincts, and deterring you from re-embarking on a course of crime. I have carefully reviewed your past career, and have noticed your callous and sneering manner of bearing during the progress of this trial, and we are now determined that you shall receive a very severe check. I shall consult with my brother judge, and pass sentence upon you to-morrow morning."

The uncomprehending words were addressed to Archie Sloos as he stood in the dock at the Quarter Sessions at Glasgow. The judge who spoke these words was the same judge who had, twice before, sentenced Archie to separate terms of servitude.

Detectives had risen up against the young man and refuted his past history. Altogether, the outlook was a terribly black one for Archie, and he was

## Removed from the Dock.

a hell of revenge raging in his breast. After leaving Slig Slig he had gone to Portobello, and thence to the Cape, where he returned to London, and did a little at house-breaking, as his money was running low.

Returning to Scotland, he was only in it six months when he was arrested for the bank robbery and attempted murder. Now he was awaiting sentence.

Next morning the court re-assembled and the Judge, looking very serious, said:

"I have consulted with my brother judge, and we have decided upon your sentence—

## Fourteen Years' Penal Servitude!"

"Thank you," said Archie. "Thank God, you'll be dead when I come back again. Never mind. I've got paid for it all."

The Judge severely replied, "If you come here again—God help you!"

Archie lay in Glasgow three months, then in Wakefield Prison nine months, after which time he was transferred to Portland Convict establishment, Woolwich was no longer a convict depot, and the governor and warders had been transferred to Portland.

## "Hollow!"

## You Hero Again!

exclaimed the governor as soon as he recognised Archie.

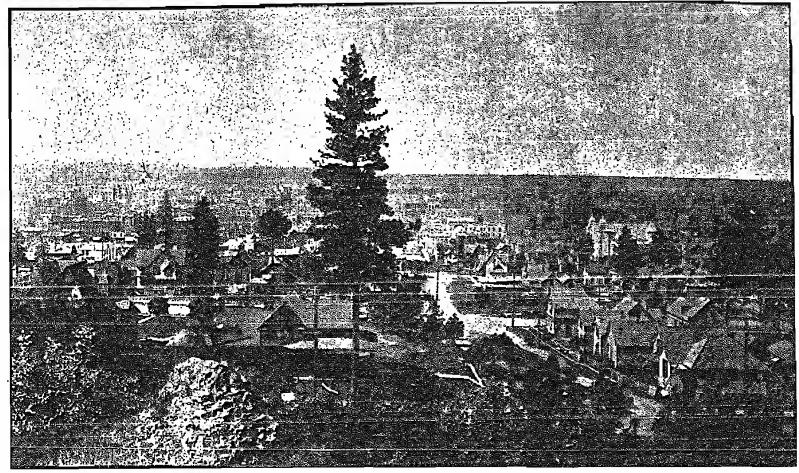
"Yes, sir," said Archie, trying to be affable. "I think of you always, sir, in my thoughts. If I'd been a general, money-making Sachem, I might have had a convict establishment of my own by this time."

"We'll know you this time," said the governor. "We'll knock all the devil out of you, or knock you into the West Stone Quarries, and placed in a gaol under a warden named Pottinger. The convicts were

## Not Allowed to Speak

to each other. Right advice was one of the main rules of the establishment. But in spite of this the convicts "talked" to each other all day long! This was accomplished by

## "The Language of Stones."



SPOKANE, WHERE THE ARMY'S PACIFIC HEADQUARTERS IS SITUATED.

By systematic taps with their hammers on the stones that they were hewing out they could converse very fluently. The English alphabet, with several letters struck out, served their purpose.

The following is a typical "conversation" in phonetic style, tapped out on the stones whilst at work:

"Five, one, his life—"

"Have you been here before?"

"White his chimes going away?"

"Thous to on. Shirs git old gins. Shit flid rbi."

"What's a fellow's chances of getting away?"

"Thousand to one. Sentries have loaded guns. Shoot a fellow down like a rabbit."

(To be Continued.)

The nearer our assimilation to Jesus, the more perfect and holy our union.

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.



## ADJUTANT BYERS,

In charge of the work at Kingston, Ont.

Our trials are the greatest earthly afflictions, and our greatest blessings. The love of earthly possessions is one of the strongest passions of the human heart, and has drawn more from Christ's Kingdom than all the trials we can enumerate. Our troubles and trials here help to test our characters and show how much moral integrity and real worth we have. —Amos.

If God chastises us by affliction, it will only be a mark of our discipleship.

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

## [THRILLING SERIAL STORY.]

## Scotch Janet.

## CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

Scotch Janet is everywhere and at all times the same. It exerts the value of innocence from the spirit and inoculates the bitterness of death. It brings gloom into the chamber of the soul and drives out the sunshine of peace.

Janet tried to shake off the phantom which had clung to her in vain. She would give herself to reflection, and then feel her blood ran faster in her veins, and her heart grew hot with a new, a terrible, yet, fleshly sensation—a thirst for revenge. She had been betrayed, deceived, seduced by the fair and cunning promises of Sir Cleonner. Her mind longed to be led into the way of good, and in the strength of a resolution to have vengeance Janet Ironsby exerted herself once more to dress and resume her day's work.

While doing so, her eye fell upon part of a newspaper which Georgie Mason had asked her to read. In bold, striking type were the words, "The wages of sin is death."

"Oh, God!" she sighed. "I never knew the meaning of these words until now. This, then, is the wages of my folly. What shall I do?"

## CHAPTER V.

It is necessary, to a due appreciation of Janet Ironsby's future, that we should explain here how Georgie Mason came to be specially interested in our heroine. Mason was a native of the thriving agricultural village of Huntly, and an active member of the Salvation Army, although at the time our story begins he was an unformed one. His upbringing was not propitious. His mother died when he was young, and his father, who took him blind to drinking, neglected the training of his large family, and left them largely to the control and guidance of their own sweet wills. Givord, however, very early exhibited signs of the possession of a strong will and a wise head, and before he was twelve years of age could read the Scriptures with ease, which was a great acquisition in those parts, while his elementary school progress in education was remarkable, and formed the theme of many envious talk on the part of Mason's neighbours. They would say, "Look at Givord Mason! He reads like the minister, and keeps himself in trim!"

But at the time our story begins Givord was far from realising the good neighbourly prophecies. He was struggling with poverty in the capital of the North, living in anything but a respectable saleroom, and, though he had a good and sparing out of his hard-earned wages, sufficient to maintain his younger brothers at their village home in their even harder fight for bread.

Givord, as we have stated, however, was a Salvation Soldier. He was attracted to the Army barracks after listening to a testimony from a converted dock labourer.

"Two years ago," this preacher of the people shouted, with a voice that could be heard from end to end of the square, "I was a wicked father and a drunken no-good—no! But, you see, I began to politize to a woman who formed one of a number in a ring of Soldiers, 'I am

wife, and she'll tell ye that Jesus Christ has made a new man o' me, and given me a new home, and new furniture, and new clothes. In fact, frenz, everything is new, and it keeps new. It's jus' as fresh as a dillill, when it comes when I first tasted the morsel o' God."

Geordie Mason, as he listened to this wonderful testimony, thought of his father and his home, followed The Army to its barracks, and that night yielded his soul to God not because, as it often after trifled, he had a resolution for my father's sake, but for my own. I did not know till that night that to do any real good work in the world one must be good himself."

Two years after this blessed change of heart, young Geordie Mason was known to us by his protest of his landsman's conduct in India, and his desire to become engaged as a second herald in the Bull Inn. Now he hears, a few months after this engagement, that Janet had been seen in a state of intoxication in the streets.

"This is all through your cold-blooded disregard of the lassie's future," he said to Mrs. McPherson, on being told of Janet's downfall.

"Ye talk to me, Geordie Mason, as if I were the mither o' the girl."

"Yes; and if you had had a little of that feeling, Janet Ironsby would not have starved to death to-night. It was you that introduced her to Mrs. Porter."

"And saved her from starvation."

"She had better starved than shamed."

"Oh, that's all very fine, Mr. Mason; but it's only fit for pupils and Salvation Army men. I'm fit for me due in this world, fit for bread."

"Then am I to understand Mrs. McPherson, that you would allow your own daughter to serve behind a public house her?"

"Ye are to understand naething of the kind."

"Which simply means that you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Won't you do anything to save the lassie and get her sent back to her country home?"

"No me! I once tried the part o' the Good Samaritan, but it didn't pay, and I'm gaun to try it on with such a fickle lassie as Janet Ironsby."

"Enough, Mrs. McPherson. I thought better of you, but you have had a new lassie's heart and a spark o' feeling for the poor girl that's been led astray; but I'm mistaken. Though, it is, perhaps, not the work a young man should take up, I'll do my best—and this very night, I'll go to the girl and rescue her from the clutches o' the devil."

As Geordie turned to the door, and descended the stairs, he overheard the landlady "chuckle." Geordie's a good chiel, but, like the set he belongs to, a fanatic."

(To be Continued.)

Our thoughts are heard in Heaven—Young.

It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world—Carlyle.

A cigarette is a small thing, but it does not take many to fill a lunatic asylum.

We like the excitement and go connect-ed with the Salvation Army. Nothing can equal it.

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